



Maupin's Way of Thinking . . .

Prepared Specially for the Herald, By
Will M. Maupin.

A FABLE IN VERSE.

Hank Smithers was a genial cuss who never sought to pick a fuss, but went about in smiling way to do his duty every day. He thought it was man's place to mix in the turmoil of politics, but he was wise enough to see the wrong in animosity.

He stood for what he thought was right and fought for it with all his might, and whooped it up with might and main in hopes a victory to gain. But Hank refused to have belief that each opponent was a thief, and said: "They're wrong, as I contend, but bent upon an honest end."

So, when election day came 'round it found Hank Smithers on the ground; and all day long he worked away in hopes to win out in the fray. He did his duty, voted straight, and homeward went without a "skate," turned into bed and took a snooze, then early rose to get the news.

When Smithers crawled from out his bed he found the "enemy" ahead, but never wept nor sulked a bit—just laughed and made the best of it. He joked his friends and said, "By dad, it's not the first defeat I've had. I'm used to it so it's all right," and then went whistling out of sight.

MORAL.

The whole world hates the onery snoozer who proves to be a darned poor loser; But loves the man who's right on deck even though he got it in the neck.

During all this anthracite trouble we have occasionally heard about the "mine mules." Mules—the little kind—are always used in the coal mines, and for a very peculiar reason. Most people believe it is because the mules are small and strong, but that is not it. The reason lies in a peculiar mulish characteristic. In following the coal veins the miners dig out galleries, and these galleries are made as small as possible. The coal is carried out in little cars drawn by the mules. The roofs of these galleries are very low, and whenever a mule's ears touch the roof the mule drops its head. A mule will invariably throw its head down when its ears are touched, while a horse always throws its head up. If a horse should be taken into the mine it would soon butt its head out against the gallery roof.

Laying aside his harp the spirit approached St. Peter, who stood by the gate, and said:

"I'd like to have a return check, please."

"W-wh-wh-what's that?" stammered the good old saint.

"I'd like to have a return check, please."

"What do you want with a return check? We don't keep them here."

"Well, you ought to," replied the spirit, wearily taking up the harp. "I've been attending to business diligently since I came here and I want a little vacation. I think I've earned a month or two of pleasure back in my old home."

"Where did you come from?" queried St. Peter.

"There's only one place a man would want to go back to after living here a while. I'm from Nebraska."

And St. Peter, seeing the logic of the case, reached for a pen and issued his first return check.

Illinois has a state song that is sung to the tune of "Baby Mine," and Iowa has a state song sung to the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland." Nebraska should have a state song set to the tune of "Coronation." This is a pretty bad pun, but it's not the worse that ever happened.

A Lincoln man ask for a divorce on the ground that his wife threw cold water on him. He has the sympathy of men whose wives keep them in hot water.

The Lindell hotel in Lincoln has little interurban telephones in each room, a card of instructions being posted by the side of each instrument. A Douglas county man occupied room 224 a few nights ago, and just before retiring concluded he wanted a pitcher of water.

He looked for the bell and spied the 'phone. After reading the instructions he rang up the office and made his wants known. A bell boy hastened up with the water and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said the occupant.

The bell boy opened the door and saw the Douglas county man standing in front of the 'phone, holding the wash basin under the transmitter and waiting for the water to be turned on.

But that story—true as it is—isn't a marker to one that Charley Bryan tells on himself. Charley is used to city ways and his home is fitted up with all the modern conveniences and improvements. Last fall he went down to Missouri on a hunt and was domiciled in the humble home of a Missourian who was ready to perform any service for a man carrying the name of Bryan.

When night came Charley retired early so as to be ready for a quick start in the morning. His host lit a candle and showed the guest to his room, the room being the only one in the second story of the house. Charley undressed, turned down the bed and prepared to jump in. And this is the way he tells the rest of it:

"I slipped over to the table to douse the glim, and I fumbled at that blatted candlestick for two minutes trying to find the thingumbob that turned off the light."

A Lincoln newspaper man addicted to the habit of smoking a pipe—tobacco—tells this one on himself:

"The other night I had my knife out cutting some clippings from exchanges. I had my pipe in my mouth and it went out on me. I reached into the match pocket of my coat with the hand containing the knife, drew the match out, transferred it to my left hand and then jerked the point of my knife across my leg just like a fellow does when he wants to strike a match. I cut a gash in my trouser leg about seven inches long—and it was a new pair of pants I'd got from the tailor less than a week before."

During the progress of a "friendly" game of poker at a certain place in Lincoln the other night, a sizeable jack-pot came up. While the players were drawing their cards one of them deliberately spit in the middle of the table.

"What'n thunder did you do that for?" cried one of the number. "What's the matter with the cuspidor?"

"Cuspidor nothin'" exclaimed the guilty man. "Don't you think for a minute I'm going to turn my head in this game."

A few years ago we witnessed a brutal prize fight between two middle-weight pugns who contested for the championship of the United States. They fought twenty-three rounds to a draw. At the end of the fight one had a bloody nose and the other an eye swelled shut.

The other day we saw a polite and mild contest between two football eleveners. At the end of the second round nine of the players were beat black and blue, one had his nose split, another had a scalp wound five inches long, and had a fractured shoulder-blade, one a dislocated wrist and one was carried unconscious from the field. These polite and mild athletic games must be encouraged; but all men of morals and a desire to frown down animalism should unite in discouraging the brutal prize fight.

It is said of William E. Gladstone that he told his wife everything that happened within his knowledge. This was all right for William, but we know a number of husbands who tell their wives a great many things that never happened at all.

"I don't believe Jones loves his children," "What makes you think so?" "He never tells any cute things they get off."

If those Columbian revolutionists have been revolving all this time they must be awfully dizzy.

There are indications floating around that in the near future the newspaper situation Lincoln will be something like that which has existed in Omaha for so these many years.

Any cheap skate can write articles making light of the Bible and Christianity, and most of those who do are.

It is quite often the case that the men who do most of the lawmaking never draw legislators' salaries.

Count Boni de Castellane, the husband of Anna Gould, has been forced out of the French chamber of deputies on the ground that he corrupted voters. This is a precedent which, if followed, would make the American senate look like the change out of a ten-dollar bill after your wife had finished an afternoon's shopping.

Additional Local.

One of Nature's Noblemen.

The following communication was written and should have been received at this office three or four weeks ago, but since in some manner it failed to until this week, in view of the extraordinarily high character of the one in regard to whom it is written, and the universal esteem in which he and his family are held, the HERALD deems it best to publish it anyway. Would to heaven that all our young men might have the same high tribute paid them.

"In the recent death of Leslie W. Nason, which occurred on October 13 and of which mention was made in the HERALD at the time, more than a passing notice is deserving. He was an exemplary young man of more than ordinary moral character, being truthful and honest in all his dealings, obedient to his parents, always willing to accept advice and never disregarding their wishes. He set good examples in not using profane language, tobacco or strong drink of any kind. About fifteen months ago, being mindful of his future welfare, he united with the Methodist church, of which he remained a respected member. He was conscious to the last and ready to meet the change. A few hours before he passed away, realizing the end was near, he called the family to his bedside and after disposing of his worldly effects took each by the hand, bidding them goodbye and requesting them to meet him on the other shore. Such a record cannot but impress the friends he left behind that he is now reaping the reward promised those who are faithful to the end."

List of Jurors.

The following is a list of jurors chosen for the term of court to be held January 12, 1903:

Glen Hampton,	John Burns,
A. F. Brown,	John Wright,
Charles Bauer,	James Moravak,
Perry Mailey,	James Hollirake,
John Workman,	A. M. Miller,
Irvin Regan,	N. M. Hayes,
E. G. Morris,	S. H. Desch,
William Matzat,	Hamilton Hall,
J. C. Hawkins,	W. H. Roland,
W. B. Shull,	L. Sampy,
Daniel Mauk,	C. E. Wiltsey,
George J. Johnston,	William Clark.

F. R. Wingfield, who recently sold the Crawford Gazette to Colonel Ketchum of the Tribune, has gone to Chicago where he will operate a printing establishment for Dr. W. I. Seymour, the oculist, and will also have charge of the doctor's advertising business and correspondence. Mr. Wingfield was engaged in the newspaper business in Dawes county for several years and his genial personality will be missed by the craft. The acquisition of the Gazette makes Editor and Postmaster Ketchum "monarch of all he surveys" and as has been said, makes the Tribune the leading and most influential republican newspaper in Northwest Nebraska.

Receiver's Sale.

Pursuant to an order of the district court I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash at the west front door of the court house in Alliance, Nebraska, on Saturday, November 29, 1902, all the property belonging to the firm of Miller & Wildy, described as follows to-wit:

Lots 1 and 2 in block 11, in the village of Hemingford, Neb., with flour mill thereon. Building is three-story frame, 40x80 ft., rock foundation and basement, engine room 20x40, well-house and pump and coal shed, 16x16.

The mill has a capacity of seventy-five barrels and is fitted with the best and latest improved machinery, consisting of five sets of E. P. Ellis rollers, one Universal bolter, two purifiers, ten sets of reels, one corn meal bolter, one Rockford corn roller, flour packer, corn sheller, seventy-five horse-power E. P. Ellis Corless engine. Safe, 3x4x6, weight 4,600 lbs; Fairbanks 24 ft. scale, hopper wheat scale and two platform scales.

Lot 16 Block 34 with a 1 1/2 story frame house 20x24, 6 rooms, and one story barn. One four bin coal shed, 16x50; one lumber shed, 16x40; one lumber shed 12x20; hog sheds and fences.

All the above property is situated in Hemingford, Nebraska.

Lot 5 Block 17 with frame store building, 24x60 thereon, in the original town of Alliance, Nebraska.

One mare, six years old; one heifer, two years old.

All the wheat, corn, flour, coal and lumber on hand on date of sale.

All book accounts.

T. I. O'Keefe, Receiver.

A. C. BINGHAM,

Planos, Organs Sewing Machines.

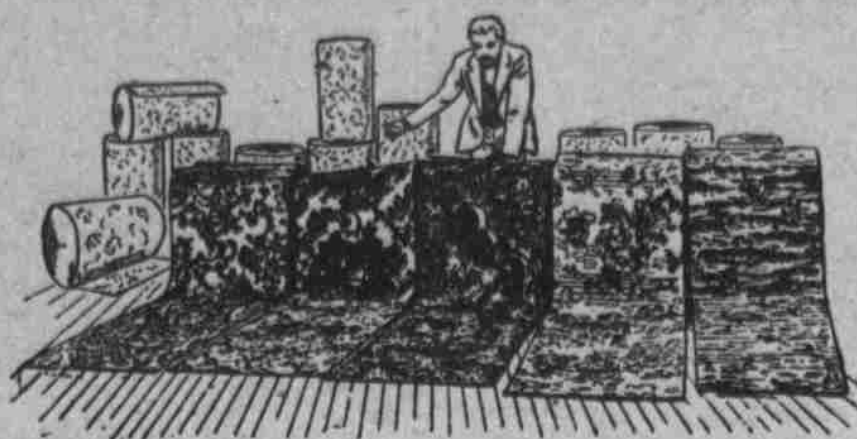
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Office Up-stairs Over Postoffice

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TUTTLE & TASH,

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